

OMMA SHOOT BANDIT; ROUTS 5, SAVING \$65,000

Ammonia and Blackjack Used in Attack on Two Aged Bank Messengers

ROBBERS FLEE IN MOTOR

Daylight Attack Made on "L" Stairs at 81st Street and Columbus Avenue.

Some holdup men with ideas of their own about publicity chose the daylight hour of 11 o'clock and the corner at Eighty-first street and Columbus avenue to blackjack two bank messengers yesterday and attempt to get away with \$65,000. That they were unsuccessful was wholly due to the nerve of one of the messengers, a man of fifty-eight, Daniel Ryan, who shot one of the robbers and recovered the bank satchel.

In a general roundup of suspicious characters after the attempted robbery, four men were arrested at Sixty-sixth street and Amsterdam avenue. They were taken to the West Fifty-eighth street station and questioned for several hours. One of the group showed fight when detectives approached and drew a revolver. He was disarmed by Detective Sergeant Thomas Donohue.

The affair showed the most careful planning and a lightning-like action which brought it off so near success. It was all over in two minutes and the holdup men were in their automobile, taking their wounded comrade with them, speeding through Central Park toward safety. It was some time later before a policeman appeared and found no trace of trouble except excited spectators and two old men, the messengers, who had taken their employer's money back to the bank.

Robbers Await Quarry.

A few minutes before an automobile with four or five young men in it drove up near the elevated stairs on Eighty-first street just west of the avenue. Two of them got out and went part way up to the platform, just around the turn, which partly cut off a view from the street and from the station. When Ryan and Boylan came along they saw nothing in the presence of the automobile to call for more than a passing glance and, the satchel between them, went up the stairs.

As they turned at the end of the first flight, a man jumped at Boylan, who was carrying the bag and dug a sponge soaked in ammonia into the messenger's face. Blinded by pain, Boylan involuntarily let go of the bag and flung up his hands to ward off the attack. The robber grabbed the bag and went down the stairs with swift leaps. Ryan, who for twenty-six years was on the police force, pulled out his revolver with the speed of long practice and started after him, but the other man then leaped on Ryan and with a vicious blow of a blackjack laid open the back of his head and for a moment staggered him. Ryan did not stop in the least, but instead's weakness jumped down the stairs and fired two shots at the man with the bag, who was only a few feet from the waiting automobile. The robber staggered forward, threw up his hands and the bag rolled into the gutter. The other men in the car jumped out, pulled in the wounded man and drove toward the park. Ryan letting go a few shots at them in the hope that he might hit them. He thinks he did.

Boylan had partly recovered by this time and as Ryan stood over the bag in the gutter Ryan stumbled out into the street, almost falling from pain and nausea, but with his revolver in his hand. What followed was a moving picture. Ryan letting go a few shots at them in the hope that he might hit them. He thinks he did.

Money Returned to Bank.

The two messengers were soon joined by one or two of the bank officials and the bag with the \$65,000 was taken back to the bank. Ryan had his head patched up and in a short time Boylan was himself again, but the attempt to send the money downtown was given up for the day.

The holdup took place with such rapidity that only a few persons near by realized what was taking place. The holdup on the corner thought an automobile had backed and did not even look around, although Henry Seelye, an actor, of 114 West Seventy-ninth street, who was having his shoes shined did stick his head around the corner and get a glimpse of the affair. He said he thought it was a moving picture rehearsal until he saw the wounded man fall at the foot of the stairs.

Nobody in the bank would talk about the holdup, except to remark that the money was recovered. They said they had been asked by the police not to give the daring attempt any publicity, and they were obeying orders.

HAT BAND CAUSES TROUBLE.

Baker Sentenced for Displaying Slogan Appeals Case.

Joseph Tomzyk, a baker, 30 years old, 21 East 105th street, obtained permission from County Judge Louis D. Gibbs in The Bronx yesterday to take an appeal from a sixty day prison sentence imposed upon him for wearing a hat band inscribed "Free Political Prisoners."

His attorney, S. John Block, declared to the court that the inscription was no more offensive to the law than if he had worn such a hat as "perfection of freedom for Ireland." "Vote for Women" or "Buy Liberty Bonds." Tomzyk had been held guilty of disorderly conduct by Magistrate Nolan.

CALED THE "MEANEST THIEF"

Driver Accused of Taking Ice From Baby Health Station.

Declaring a man who would steal ice from babies to be "the meanest kind of thief," City Magistrate Frederick Groshel held Rudolph Vornick yesterday in \$1,000 bail for trial in the Court of Special Sessions.

Vornick, who was accused by Patrolman Kuntz of the Health Squad of having pilfered a twenty-five pound chunk of ice from the Baby Health Station at 313 East 121st street. He is a driver of a milk wagon and lives at 169 East Ninety-seventh street.

RACCOON ESCAPES; CHEWS UP PARK COPS

Policeman's Finger Severely Bitten by Animal.

Various policemen attached to the Arsenal station in Central Park are busy today mending rents in their apparel and Patrolman David Gamble is nursing a lacerated finger, all because one of Bill Snyder's raccoons found the door of his cage open and heard the call of the wild. The "coon" was really most amiable and inclined, and therefore caused much commotion among the strollers in the park, for not only did he try to rub affectionately against the shins of one elderly pedestrian, but also tried to make friends with a fur neckpiece worn by a girl who was seated on a bench.

The girl's companion, who was Khaki clad, repulsed the animal's advances with a hohm! and then it was that Patrolman Dave happened on the scene and decided to do a Davy Crockett. As the raccoon failed to get away, he had no difficulty in clapping a rubbin' can over it and holding it prisoner until the arrival of a burly cop.

He then bundled Mr. Coon into the bag and threw him across his shoulder. Ructions started, and on the way to the station house the animal clawed through the bag.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

During the next few minutes fur and patches of blue clothing flew about the station house as finally four big cops separated the animal from the trousers of Lieut. Max Milhauser.

To-day, cured of his wanderlust, the raccoon is in the hands of his bruises behind the bars of his cage.

With the animal finally in limbo it was decided to give it some water, and as the coon showed no disposition to drink Gamble rudely pushed its nose into the pail. The animal's jaws closed instantly on his index finger.

BANK THIEF COOLLY TELLS OF KILLING 2

Canadian Swaggers as He Confesses to East Brooklyn Daylight Holdup.

GOT \$450,000 IN 8 YEARS Hamby, 26, Robbed 13 Banks, Two Railroad Offices—Won't Peach on Pal.

"Gordon Fawcett Hamby," mysterious bank robber, who matched his wits for eight years with those of the world's police and did it with amazing success, was arraigned before County Judge May in Brooklyn yesterday charged with having shot and killed Henry W. Coons, assistant treasurer, and De Witt C. Peal, paying teller of the East Brooklyn Savings Bank, December 18, 1918. Hamby and his partner, who is still at liberty, took \$13,000 after the shooting and escaped.

Hamby was perhaps the coolest of the group of men that stood before Judge May, despite the fact that only an hour before he had signed a confession admitting fully that he had shot the two men. He made the formal plea of "not guilty," as is the rule in murder cases, and June 23 was named as the day of the trial. Hamby gazed cynically about him at the absorbed audience.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked Judge May.

"Not at present," was the reply. He added that he expected to have one Monday, but when Judge May spoke of assigning counsel for him he shook his head affirmatively.

"Yes, that might be best."

Cultured Collegian and Robber.

Cultured and refined and a college man, the robber has thrown a veil over his past life and history, and the police know that in the last eight years—he is only 26 now—he had looted thirteen banks and two railroad offices and made off with \$450,000.

"What have you got to show for it all?" he was asked.

"Well, nothing, yet—I've got some good friends," he said.

The East Brooklyn Savings Bank hold-up was the result of careful calculation on his part, he said. He had been in Brooklyn some months before the fatal December 18 and made a casual visit to the bank to change some bills. He was struck with the bank's possibilities as a money producer. It would be a "easy job" to rob the bank, he thought, say near the door, he could command a complete view of the entire bank. No one could approach him from the rear.

Soon after this reconnoitering Hamby sailed for France as an ambulance driver on an oil tanker, but a picture of the East Brooklyn Savings Bank remained vividly in his mind. He was in France when the armistice was signed. On his return here he paid another visit to the bank with a torn bill and obtained a new one for it. Again Hamby studied the bank and its surroundings. Then he got a partner, an assistant, and made the raid that startled Brooklyn as have few crimes in its history.

"I won't discuss him," said Hamby with a frown, "except to say he didn't follow my orders and made a bum job of it. I ordered him to go over the top (climb over the bank railing), but instead he went around to the back. You see he was only a petty larceny thief and not accustomed to a five figure job."

Resents Being Called a Burglar.

"I was never mixed up in anything but a five figure job in my life, as that term is understood in the underworld," he said. To be referred to as a "burglar" angers Hamby. He is a professional far removed from that of the lowly "burglar" or "stickup" man.

"Why did you kill the paying teller?" "He wouldn't obey my orders."

"Why did you kill the other man?" "He seemed to be going to get away with my pal and I ordered him to grapple with his hands. He didn't seem inclined to do so and I shot him."

"Two women were flattened against the wall in terror during the robbery. Hamby walked over to them."

"Now you're all right," he assured them, "I'm here for your safety. We're simply executing a little movie picture stunt."

A dramatic moment came when Peter Bollinger, owner of a small hotel on Nassau avenue, Greenpoint, entered the District Attorney's office. Two men, believed to have been the bank bandits, stood before him. He recognized them as the two men who had been in the holdup when he was in the bank. He was excited. No sooner did Bollinger see Hamby than he recognized him, and finally looked at him, then again, and finally admitted he had stopped at the little hotel.

After staying a week in New York, having already got rid of his partner, Hamby was taken to the United States. He posed as a newly married couple, she artlessly happy to be with a man who spent money so readily.

"On the way to the coast," said Hamby, "I pulled off another job so that when I got to Tacoma I had nearly \$11,000." He smiled. "I haven't got a cent left. I'm being sent back to the States."

"Now, Hamby," remarked Mr. Lewis, "would you like to tell us your story in your own way. I want you to tell us what you say will be used against you."

"Well, I expect that. I am not used to public speaking. You know," he swaggered a bit. "I act. I don't talk."

However, he dictated his confession to a stenographer and then read it and signed it with a firm hand.

His First Time in Jail.

Hamby has robbed banks all over the world, and never had been in jail until March. Mr. Lewis referred to the trip Hamby made to Europe just before looting the East Brooklyn Savings Bank.

"Why did you go to Europe?" Mr. Lewis asked.

"Well, when you get money in this country, you want to spend it abroad, and when you get it abroad it is wise to spend it in this country."

He refused to speak of his family. "What name am I booked under?" he asked suddenly.

"Hamby."

"Oh, well, that'll do; but it isn't my name. Name one of the others in my name, either." Hamby is known also as J. B. Allen and Boyd Browning. He was born in Alberta, Canada.

Hamby was arrested for the first time in his life in March in Tacoma, Wash., for killing Robert Davis, in whose house he had lived. Hamby called attention to the fact that he robbed the East Brooklyn Savings Bank December 18; that he was the thirteenth bank he had looted; that he was arraigned yesterday, Friday, the 13th, and had ridden to Police Headquarters in a police van with the number 13 on it.

"What's your real name?" He shook his head. He is now in Raymond street jail.

GETS \$48,000 AWARD FOR 'L' STATION FALL

Brooklyn Preacher Dropped Through Hole in Stairs.

A jury before Supreme Court Justice Kapper in Brooklyn yesterday returned a verdict of \$48,000 in favor of the Rev. John Howard Melish, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, against the New York Consolidated Railroad Company. At 10 o'clock on the night of June 14, 1917, Mr. Melish, returning from the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum on Willowoughby avenue, mounted the stairs of the elevated station at Hart street. Near the top a stair board had been removed, the clergymen stepped and fell through the hole to the street. His right thigh bone was driven through the hip socket. Fractures of other bones caused a shortening of the right leg. His right arm was fractured, he sustained nervous shock and was in bed for four months. He is now somewhat lame.

Two witnesses for Mr. Melish said there was no barrier at the foot of the stairs or anything to indicate they were not open to the public. Mr. Melish sued for \$75,000.

WILKINS MURDER JURY BOX FILLED

Mechanic and Farmer Are Added and Court Adjourns to Monday.

The last two jurors necessary to make up the twelve who will decide the guilt or innocence of Dr. Walter K. Wilkins, who is on trial for wife murder in the Supreme Court at Minsk, were selected yesterday morning and noon as they were sworn the court took an adjournment until next Monday.

Out of the panel summoned for yesterday only three men remained unexamined when the twelfth man was picked out. The work of picking jurors has been in progress ever since last Monday and 143 men have been examined in the process.

So many of the number, during the first days of the trial, had affirmed a prejudice against capital punishment—and this escaped service—that Justice Manning, who is presiding, had to summon yesterday kept in an ante-room from which they entered court one at a time as their names were called.

Two of the new jurors were from among thirteen examined. They are Frank B. Hunt, an automobile mechanic, living at Bellmore and Paul W. F. Lawrence, a farmer, of Malvergne, Mo., are in their middle thirties and married.

District Attorney Weeks, who is prosecuting the case, said yesterday that he believed it would require nearly two weeks to present the people's case. He had fifty-seven witnesses under subpoena and expects to call thirty of them on his main case. The others are rebuttal witnesses, the necessity of whose testimony will depend on the case presented by the defense. Charles N. Wysohn, Dr. Wilkins's counsel, expects to call about twenty witnesses.

Court was adjourned at noon in order to allow Justice Manning to attend the annual meeting of the Supreme Court justices, which will be held in the District. The jurors, after being cautioned in the usual manner about discussing the case or reading about it, were allowed to go to their homes.

"That Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Don't you believe that in the long lonely hours in shell holes and dugouts these men wept over and kissed the dear old thing that they were living for and ready to die for?

The American colors and the shield of stars are now more than a mere symbol.

That starry flag is today the greatest consolation in the skies of all the nations on the globe.

The American Flag

It is bigger than any territory. More powerful than any political party, and its principles link it to a religion of duty and life broader than any creed.

To live it and be for what it stands is next to the love of God.

[Signed] Joe W. W. W.

June 14, 1919.

Frequent bus service between 7th ave. Subway at Christopher street (Sheridan Square) and the Store.

8th street station on Broadway Subway and Astor Place station on Interborough lead right into the Store.

Flag Day Today

In honor of Flag Day, the "Swung Banner," as played by the eminent Russian pianist, Rachmaninoff, will be reproduced by the AMPICO Reproducing Piano in the Auditorium at 2.30. Erminie Powell, trumpet, and the Great Organ will accompany the playing.

Immediately afterwards there will be a

Dance recital by 30 young people from the University Settlement of New York.

Admission free. First Gallery, New Building.

Corset specials

American Lady corsets, \$2.45; pretty white brocade material finished with pink and blue banding outlining elastic inset at waistline.

Sports corsets, \$1.25; pink Jacquard cloth, with elastic insets and low bust line; ideal; and very inexpensive at \$1.25. Main floor, Main Aisle, Old Bldg.

Hyalop Estate Shared by Family.

Requests of \$50,000 to each of his two daughters, Constance May and Edith Lillian Hyalop, are made by the will of John Hyalop, who at one time was treasurer of the United Savings Bank, whose death occurred on June 9. The will was filed for probate yesterday in the Surrogate's office. Mrs. Elizabeth L. Hyalop, the 13th widow, is the executrix. The estate of the decedent, a beneficiary to the extent of \$20,000. The residuary estate, including the family home at 4 Riverview terrace, Brooklyn, is left to the daughters.

Divers' rubber caps two for 25c

2,000, strong, well made, serviceable; in three snappy, brilliant, non-fading colors—red, blue or green.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co. Broadway at Ninth, New York.

Store Hours, 9 to 5-30.

Good morning! This is June 14. The weather today will probably be fair.

The Preeminence of that Old Flag of Ours which George Washington and Betsy Ross

created in a humble home on Arch Street, Philadelphia, is more and more apparent every day.

It is the Chief Fact of This Hour the World Over

In later years that flag of ours has been recognized and given an equal place beside the flags of other nations, being the representative of a new empire, but it was to many only the picturesque flag of a young and growing nation.

A new day has dawned. A new glory has come, and a mighty baptism of power has fallen upon the American flag.

To the soldier and sailor boys it is evidently a living thing.

You saw that yourself, did you not, when the returning men proudly filed past you with the colors, their bright eyes shining as they gazed upon the flag that they had glorified on the field of battle? It seemed as though they were thinking and singing softly

"That Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Don't you believe that in the long lonely hours in shell holes and dugouts these men wept over and kissed the dear old thing that they were living for and ready to die for?

The American colors and the shield of stars are now more than a mere symbol.

That starry flag is today the greatest consolation in the skies of all the nations on the globe.

The American Flag

It is bigger than any territory. More powerful than any political party, and its principles link it to a religion of duty and life broader than any creed.

To live it and be for what it stands is next to the love of God.

[Signed] Joe W. W. W.

June 14, 1919.

Frequent bus service between 7th ave. Subway at Christopher street (Sheridan Square) and the Store.

8th street station on Broadway Subway and Astor Place station on Interborough lead right into the Store.

Flag Day Today

In honor of Flag Day, the "Swung Banner," as played by the eminent Russian pianist, Rachmaninoff, will be reproduced by the AMPICO Reproducing Piano in the Auditorium at 2.30. Erminie Powell, trumpet, and the Great Organ will accompany the playing.

Immediately afterwards there will be a

Dance recital by 30 young people from the University Settlement of New York.

Admission free. First Gallery, New Building.

Corset specials

American Lady corsets, \$2.45; pretty white brocade material finished with pink and blue banding outlining elastic inset at waistline.

Sports corsets, \$1.25; pink Jacquard cloth, with elastic insets and low bust line; ideal; and very inexpensive at \$1.25. Main floor, Main Aisle, Old Bldg.

Hyalop Estate Shared by Family.

Requests of \$50,000 to each of his two daughters, Constance May and Edith Lillian Hyalop, are made by the will of John Hyalop, who at one time was treasurer of the United Savings Bank, whose death occurred on June 9. The will was filed for probate yesterday in the Surrogate's office. Mrs. Elizabeth L. Hyalop, the 13th widow, is the executrix. The estate of the decedent, a beneficiary to the extent of \$20,000. The residuary estate, including the family home at 4 Riverview terrace, Brooklyn, is left to the daughters.

Divers' rubber caps two for 25c

2,000, strong, well made, serviceable; in three snappy, brilliant, non-fading colors—red, blue or green.

In the Notion Corner, Main floor, Old Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co. Broadway at Ninth, New York.

Store Hours, 9 to 5-30.

Good morning! This is June 14. The weather today will probably be fair.

The Preeminence of that Old Flag of Ours which George Washington and Betsy Ross

created in a humble home on Arch Street, Philadelphia, is more and more apparent every day.

It is the Chief Fact of This Hour the World Over

In later years that flag of ours has been recognized and given an equal place beside the flags of other nations, being the representative of a new empire, but it was to many only the picturesque flag of a young and growing nation.

A new day has dawned. A new glory has come, and a mighty baptism of power has fallen upon the American flag.

To the soldier and sailor boys it is evidently a living thing.

You saw that yourself, did you not, when the returning men proudly filed past you with the colors, their bright eyes shining as they gazed upon the flag that they had glorified on the field of battle? It seemed as though they were thinking and singing softly

"That Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Don't you believe that in the long lonely hours in shell holes and dugouts these men wept over and kissed the dear old thing that they were living for and ready to die for?

The American colors and the shield of stars are now more than a mere symbol.

That starry flag is today the greatest consolation in the skies of all the nations on the globe.

The American Flag

It is bigger than any territory. More powerful than any political party, and its principles link it to a religion of duty and life broader than any creed.

To live it and be for what it stands is next to the love of God.

[Signed] Joe W. W. W.

June 14, 1919.

Frequent bus service between 7th ave. Subway at Christopher street (Sheridan Square) and the Store.

8th street station on Broadway Subway and Astor Place